

General
Boston

THE
CHARLESTON SPECTATOR,
AND
LADIES' LITERARY PORT FOLIO.

BY GOGGLE, SPECTACLES, & Co.

If we offend, it is with good will.—
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.]

CHARLESTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1806.

[No. 9.]

FROM MY CHAMBERS ON MOUNT HELICON.

No. IV.

My next subjects for consideration are, "Whether there be any Critics in the City of Charleston, and "if not, what are those who pretend to Criticism?"—In presuming to ask these questions, to a man of judgment, I am sensible I shall have no occasion to make an apology; to him who is not, I shall not condescend to offer any. That there are critics, and men possessing talents and abilities adequate to the important task of criticism, I am proud to have it in my power to acknowledge, as being favoured with their friendship and acquaintance; and having experienced their qualifications in that science, I may be allowed to speak feelingly. I hope I shall be considered as having paid this compliment, with justice, to some of my fellow citizens, but those only, who are possessed of those requisites laid down in my preceding numbers. I come then to inquire "Fifthly. What are those, who pretend to Criticism?"—In proposing this question, it appears at first to admit the supposition, that there are no critics amongst us: but after what I have said, no doubt can remain on the minds of my readers, but that it is intended to grant, that there are not only critics duly acknowledged as such, but that there are also those who pretend to criticism, without having either right, title, or claim to admit them to the privileges.

Some writers have presumed, thro' spleen and envy, to brand true critics with odd names and titles; thus, doc-

tor Johnson, humbled himself so far as to acknowledge, that Churchill, and Swift, were *shallow, very shallow fellows*; that Cibber, was among the *worthless scribblers*, that Gray, and Milton, were possessed of "fantastic foppery;" that Dryden's compositions had an "unevenness;" that Pope, "was ignorant of human nature;" and that in his Essay on Man, "never were penury of knowledge, and *vulgarity* of sentiment so happily disguised;" that Theobald, "was weak, ignorant, mean, and faithless;" that in Shakspeare, there is "always something wanting," &c. Churchill, had the honour of styling Doctor Johnson, "Pomposo," and quere, does not this favour somewhat of Hyper-Criticism? Modern writers have modelled names to their own tastes: thus we find, pretenders to criticism, are styled Ignoramus's, Pedants, Poor, Pitiful, Mean, and lastly, they are by the more refined class of writers, styled, Hyper-Critics!

In order to convey a just idea of my sentiments of these gentry, I shall annex a scale or gamut of the places assigned them.

1. A *Flat*, the first note in my scale, from which proceeds the Sharps, and Frets.—This character, of itself is the lowest, and altogether below a critic's ire! however, with much grinding, hammering, and fretting, it produces the second character,

2. A *Sharp*.—In music, both flats and sharps, represent only half notes; in my scale, they represent Half-wits, Dullards, Hyper-critics, or what you please below par.

3. A *Fret*, is a character, which is

neither flat nor sharp, but between them both, and serves to represent, a peevish, passionate, unpleasant animadverter.

4. A *Demisemiquaver*.—This character in music, is represented by thirty-two slender marks with black heads, fastened with triple chords, some tail uppermost, &c. and are all represented in black. In my gamut, these represent that species of pretended critic, who is said to be "a mere form of a man, little more than the shape of a man, possessed of length, breadth, life, and feature. When you have seen his outside, you have looked through and through him, and need no farther discovery who and what he is. The chief burden of his brain is, how to carry his body, and to set his features into becoming frame"—and here, as in the notes, some of them are heel upwards, signifies that he has little or no brains; his opinions are formed on the judgments of the giddy multitude; he has no judgment of his own, his whole life is a series of trifles, "he stays in the world to fill up a number; and when he goes out of it a cypher will depart." Again, as in music, these notes are tied or connected with triple chords, so the characters they represent are a *triplicity*, and are bound by the fetters of ignorance, presumption, and folly. The same, though in a less degree, may be said of the *Semiquaver*, *Quaver*, and *Crotchet*.

5. A *Minim*.—This is one among the open notes, and represents that species of pretended critic, who possesses a somewhat better understanding than the forgoing; he is nevertheless a discontented character, and may be

said to be burdened with *duplicity*. He is continually attempting to satirise, and rail at the ideal imperfections of authors and their performances. He quarrels with all the antients, and hates the moderns, he considers every writer of the present age, an usurper. He is a spark, that would fondly kindle a blaze to burn up men of merit; and what is remarkable, he is often the only be lows to blow up the faint blaze produced by his own little witty spark!—

6. A *Semibreve*, is the last character in my Gamut. This character is represented all head and no tail, and is one who possesses, in his own opinion (from the quantum of supposed brain, i. e. wit, being all head) a greater portion of merit, than he is willing to allow any one else. This character, burdened with *simplicity*, is a “mere empty wit,” for on examination, his supposed brains prove themselves nought but a collection of wind!—he is one of those whose words go for jests, and whose jests for nothing; fond of ridiculing, he would sacrifice a friend, to be thought a man of wit; and comparatively speaking, he is an equivocator, altering for the purpose of creating self-importance, who when detected in error, recants or withdraws his observations, declaring them to have originated merely from friendship, and a desire to encourage merit.

Such are the ranks and stations, which I have assigned to these gentry, and as such they are to be hereafter respected by my fellow-citizens. And now I shall close my mouth, until the next time of opening; and desire, that I may be considered the public's most faithful friend and servt.

Gregory Goggle, Superior Critic.

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

To Lady Dinah, Maid of Honour to the Queen.

“O sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore,
When your remains are so delicious!”

After tendering my sincere thanks to your Uncle Quiz, and his associates, for their politeness in giving a place to my application for a wife, which has rendered me happy, as they

shall hereafter learn, I will, with their permission, attempt to answer the only question you propound—it is contained in the fifth Article of your wonderful piece,

The “essence” of wit and satire.—

On discovering your relationship to one of the editors of this paper, expressly set apart by them for the use and benefit of the Ladies, and through which we might have expected proofs of the natural gentleness and mildness of your sex.—I confess I was surprised to find so much of the old maid in you; for my part, I really thought I was the essence of all that could be termed moderate or modest, and I am sure I said very little in my own favour, scarce any thing; *this was modest*, and the description of the Lady, I should like, *was moderate*, for a man of taste. I did not desire that she should play on the Piano, or Draw; nor did I ask a fortune; *pon honour*, I think this was more than moderate. You appear not to understand how it is I declared myself a desponding lover, say I address the Ladies generally, and am sighing for one in particular—the best way I could answer this would be to read you the same sentence over, myself, but as this cannot now be done, as you will hereafter see; I must only say to you, that I had so often strove without success to obtain a wife; this plan struck me as a good one. I have read in some work in my library, I think the Spectator, “that a man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.” Not having succeeded as I have told you, and still anxious, I began to fear at my time of life I might possibly be deceived if I trusted altogether to myself; therefore to procure a good woman, I thought the plan adopted by me, together with the qualifications of a good woman, might bring forth in the way the Lady Dinah has adventured: many who might suit my taste, but that when they should so apply, I would there have it in my power to select that lady, who should approach nearest to my description, and on whom I should feel satisfied to bestow

my love: tis not therefore that I address all and sigh for any particular lady—no; for *when* I addressed your Uncle and his friends, and obtained their aid, I in reality had no object in view.—I gave you a hint, that I had seen the quotation given you, in the Spectator: on the preceding page, the same writer giving an account of the different *species* of females, says, “The *third* kind of women were made up of canine particles, these are what we commonly call *jeffs*, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken—that are always busy and barking—that *snarl* at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.”—Now my good Lady Dinah, Maid of Honour, why did you not study more to conceal your composition and disposition, if you were dissatisfied at not being the woman contemplated by me? why endeavour to ridicule and abuse me, the most harmless and inoffensive of creatures, a Bachelor? you should rather have respected me the more on that account; for as the times go, we Bachelors can always give as good an account of our walks through life (ah! by day and by night) as most married men—if you had been silent, you would not have had the mortification of being thus informed that your application to be known to me comes too late; for from the goodness of your friends, in inserting my advertisement, I have had the good fortune to meet with that lady, who I now believe providence designed to make me happy. I was introduced the other evening at Miss Chatterall's; she had a party as tis called. After the *hot water* and *cordials* had paid repeated visits to each lady in the room, Miss Louisa (charming girl) drew from her ridicule the Spectator and applied to the lady between us (looking me full in the eyes at the same time) to know whether she had noticed the Bachelor's communication. From her answer, she is entitled to the honour of being your equal, and Heaven send, all such may remain Maids of Honour all the rest of their days—my arm rested on the back of her chair, and my finger could with ease, and without

being noticed, touch the shoulder of the lovely, enchanting Louisa. She gently rebuked the snarling dame, and said, "As the author was unknown, we should be cautious. For my part," continued she, "I have already conceived a friendship for him, and admire his candour. I should like to know him intimately." At this moment I placed my finger on her shoulder and pressed it tenderly. The paper fell from her hand on her lap—her lips grew pale, and she soon rose and walked into the piazza—At this moment the cordials were, for a sixth time, handed to Lady Snarl, who being too much engaged with them to observe us, gave me an opportunity to pursue Miss Louisa, who has since pledged me her hand, and I am sure her heart accompanies it.

You will therefore, my good Lady Dinah, Maid of Honour to the Queen, and Niece to Mr. Quiz, do me the favour to discontinue your search, and make my respects to your Uncle and others, managers of the Ladies Spectator, and say, that if they or either of them will call at my house, I will as I promised, render them a service by subscribing for one hundred numbers per day, and giving an annuity bond for 50 pounds per annum, during the continuance of their firm.

With no expectation of again being addressed by you, I remain yours respectfully, but not long to be

"One on the List of Bachelors."

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

Messrs. Editors.

A few days since, I chanced to meet with a periodical work, published in Great Britain about four years ago, in which were the remarks, that follow: these, I thought might be so well applied in many instances, to the inhabitants of this city, that I have transcribed them, with some trifling alterations, for the columns of the Charleston Spectator, and doubt not but that they will be found gratifying to many readers of your useful, and entertaining paper.

CAROLINIENSIS.

"The hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands not hearts."
Shakspeare.

Nature, or invariable custom, has prescribed to women a passive, and to men an active life. This is an order, so truly congenial to the sexes, that when it has been reversed, the parties have generally acquitted themselves so awkwardly, as to feel the necessity of returning to their own peculiar province with all convenient speed. Man by being endowed with more strength of body, and solidity of mind than women, is better fitted for managing affairs in public, and women possessing less strength of body, but more softness of manners, has modestly sought only the care of domestic affairs. Whether from this acknowledged superiority, the former may not have assumed privileges, to which in reality he had no claim, we shall not at present enquire; but he has retained in his own hands the right of choice, in his connection with the other sex, and hence it has invariably been the practice for men to woo, and women to be wooed.—The latter however possess a negative prerogative, of nearly equal importance to the positive one of the former, namely the power to refuse, and this they no doubt take care to exert, on proper and necessary occasions.

These reflections have been called forth, by an observation which I lately heard made, that marriage was evidently becoming less frequent—A dispute arose on the cause, and hinged at last on this question—"Whether Poverty, Profligacy, or Deformity in the male, was the greatest bar to conjugal union?"—Although the maxim, that a reformed rake makes a good husband, has been but too often contradicted by truth telling experience, yet we must not entirely condemn the female, who by yielding herself up as the condition, boldly attempts anew to regenerate the profligate, or to effect his reformation, so far as to make him, if not an useful, at least an innocent member of society: this may be very difficult, nay sometimes impossible, but it is natural for all, particularly such as have been at any time

much subjected to flattery, to have a high idea of their own influence, and even in an undertaking, where they know many have failed, to cherish the hope that one may succeed. A profligate, or if you will a dissipated man of fashion, when absent from the scenes of vice, and in the society of a few amiable females, feels so much of that reverence and respect, which superior virtue always impresses us with, that his usual character is nearly obliterated, at least for the time. From his general knowledge of the world, and the finess of good breeding, his behaviour when in such company, is perfectly conciliating. He knows that uncontaminated themselves, they have seldom any suspicion of the enormities of which the debauchee is guilty; and that trusting to the humble smile, and well-turned compliment, they yield to reiterated importunities, too often, alas! to be convinced of the impropriety of their choice:

"Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard, hide deep vice."

Thus then the profligate finds, that his character, is no bar to his matrimonial pursuits.

As it has been allowed that women are the preferable critics, in such matters of taste, as depend merely on the eye, it might be well supposed that deformity was the very bane of love—but this does not hold good. It is no doubt true, that when deformity or even awkwardness, has come under the inspection of a coterie, it has uniformly been made to run the gauntlet of mirth, raillery, and sometimes ill nature. To imagine then, that a fair damsel, would have no objections to give her hand, to a man who is an object of her merriment; that she whose form might serve as a model for an Apelles, should be united to one only fit for the laughter-loving pencil of a Rofs, would to all appearance, be imagining a very great absurdity; yet somehow or other, either from persecution, pity, or convenience, it is no very strange circumstance, to see women beautiful, both in body and mind, consign themselves over to men, beau-

tiful in neither—We must conclude therefore, that deformity is but a trifling bar to matrimony.

Would it were so with the last subject of consideration, Poverty: but this is an obstacle not so easily got over. It is long since the age of Chivalry was gone, it is still a greater length of time, since Arcadian simplicity took its departure—Then were we to believe the history of the Golden Age, Love bound his votaries with the chains of mutual affection; now it is said he has cast these, and substituted those of mutual interest or accommodation.—We must however submit to the state of things, as they exist in the age in which we live, and when frustrated in the execution of schemes, which that state does not allow us to accomplish, give them up with the best grace possible.

The young of both sexes, no doubt look on matrimony, as a thing which they must all come to, and feeling only the strength of their affections, think of no obstacle to interrupt them in their course; neither poverty, profligacy, nor deformity, ever entering their imaginations. Some few perhaps make a stolen match, but the majority having a little time to reflect on the consequences of indulging a fond passion, without the means of supporting the object of it; start with horror at the abyss of misery, into which they are about to plunge; and turning, yield, though with extreme reluctance, to the more sober dictates of reason. Luxury appears now in a great measure to have got the start of wealth, for the revenues of many among us, bear not a proper proportion to the expenditures of their household; here then is a sufficient reason for the accumulated number of bachelors. Female delicacy must be the most sensible to the privation of the conveniences and necessities of life, and it may probably be owing to this circumstance, that in matrimonial projects, female prudence is frequently observed to be pre-eminent. But allowing that they sometimes lose sight of this, and that in compliance with repeated solicitations, a woman becomes the wife of a man, with but a

very limited income; what must that man feel, if he finds it necessary to withhold from her many of the comforts, to which she may have been accustomed? But if added to his limited income, he to be in a subordinate situation, no torments can equal those he must sustain, at the thought of having endangered, probably forfeited, not only his own independence, but also that of the person, to whom of all others he is most attached. It were needless to enlarge on this topic, what has been already observed, may serve to establish the justice of our remark; that unless we bring back the Age of Gold, or the age of Chivalry, Poverty is, and will continue to be the greatest bar to matrimony.

To the Editors of the Charleston Spectator.

Gentlemen,

I ever considered that man as a disgrace to his species, who could not sensibly feel for the misfortunes of his fellow creatures. That your correspondent, "Marplot," is indeed an object of commiseration, will not be denied. That the evil he complains of is, in its nature serious and important, must be admitted; and that he deserves the sympathy of the feeling mind, is obvious to the perceptive faculties of every friend of society and domestic comfort.

He persuades himself, that "a little advice to his wife, through the medium of your paper, will greatly contribute to his happiness: It may, or it may not. I think he will agree with me, that, to interfere with the domestic concerns of any family, is indeed a nice and tender point, as well as generally, a most unthankful office.—You, Gentlemen, will yield to the dictates of your own mind in granting or refusing his request. I shall not emulate the task, nor usurp your privilege. As for my part, I choose rather by the way to drop, a word in the ear of Marplot himself, conceiving it is, by far the most effectual way to eradicate an obnoxious weed, to pluck it up by the roots, rather than to lop off its branches. I have ever viewed with a jealous eye the public expo-

sure of domestic feuds, and believe that it oftener defeats its object than otherwise: and that instead of lessening the evil, it only serves to increase it. I shall not stop here to elucidate this point, as he will now have an opportunity of seeing the thing prove itself—nor would I be understood to advocate in the least the conduct of Mrs. Marplot. To my mind it is highly reprehensible. Yet while we yield to the demands of Justice, let us not be deaf to the mild persuasive voice of Charity. In order effectually to correct an evil, it is necessary first to be in possession of its cause and origin. That the evil which your correspondent complains of, actually does exist, is readily admitted. I am myself acquainted with too many cases of a like lamentable nature, to give doubt a moment's place; but whether he ought not to attribute to himself much of his sufferings, is a proper subject of enquiry.—What are we to collect from his communication?—Mrs. Marplot was a woman of "great wit and vivacity"—"in short, she was the life of every company." She received a polite and liberal education—her circumstances were easy—and such was the power and influence of her personal charms, that she had a "multitude" of suitors. Your complainant was among the number, and (agreeable to his own account) "as ugly a man as you ever saw." He was indebted to his eloquence for her envied favour, and the triumph of leading her to the altar of Hymen. In a period (it may be presumed) not more than eighteen months after their union, her wit and vivacity forsake her—her child becomes the monopolist of her caresses—she has lost all her taste for the fine arts—music, has now no charms, and her painting extends no farther than "miserable daubings of cats, rats, dogs, and horses."—Her library is no longer the source of pleasure or information; tis only opened, "to shew Cornelia the pictures"—her dress has failed to be an object of attention; she has forgotten even the necessity of "neatness"—we find her too, disputing with her husband, and opposing the pleasure of his friends?

company, by starting a "thousand" difficulties before he could obtain leave to invite a few of them to dinner; and even while at table with them, we see her violating the rules of common good manners, by refusing a glass of wine with Mr. Brilliant; and darting from her seat, "to quell a riot which Tom with his usual violence and intrigue had kicked up." A false tenderness is exercised towards her children—they are indulged in all their whims, and poor little Cornelia is ushered into company in a new fangled dress, offensive to the eyes of decency and modesty.—Thus we have a summary of the case—and an impartial retrospect furnishes the mind with sufficient matter for cause of alarm, pity, and reproof.

It is an axiom gaining fresh strength from daily experience, that "a like begets likeness"—and that, "except two be agreed, they cannot walk together." Matrimony is represented to us as the uniting two in one. "Ye are no more *twain*, but *one*." It is an ordinance instituted by the wisdom of the *universal mind*, not only as the means of propagating the species, or the indulgence of mere sensual gratification (which are but secondary considerations), but by an union of sentiment and interests to consummate the bliss of man on earth. That this was the grand design of matrimony, I believe, is no controverted point—and that this happy consequence might result from such an union, it may naturally be expected there are certain requisites to be complied with; for we find by observation, that in all the various distributions of Providence, he has affixed a price proportioned in its value, to every thing.—Gold, silver, copper, lead, and brass, have each a separate, intrinsic worth, and while they remain in their primeval state of purity, are extensively useful; but, every blenditure of Nature's is a certain deduction from that which is most valuable, and does not enhance the the ultimate usefulness of the other—So in the matrimonial state a seeming fitness of things, would prohibit the union of old age and youth—mildness of disposition, with the

madness of passion—active charity with fordid vice—warm benevolence, with cold insensibility—the expanded mind of penetrative wisdom, with the blindness of folly—honest simplicity and truth, with artful duplicity and falsehood—lively wit and vivacity, with demureness & ungenerous spleen—with all the other contrary qualities incident to the human character. For the design of the institution is, not to impair the vigour of any of the dispositions of the mind, but by collecting and concentrating an increased quantity of a likeness of nature in a more compact state, to heighten the tone & invigorate the principle—and why not too, among the other opposites of nature, forbid the union of excessive ugliness with beauty or comeliness?

My worldly vocations demanding attention, I must, for the present, dismiss the subject, but shall resume it again at some succeeding period.

INCOG.

THE TRIUMPH OF FRIENDSHIP.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

[Continued from page 54.]

I was then left to indulge my own meditations, and I must confess to you Ismenia, although with some confusion, that my thoughts at that time were exclusively of Agenor. Why has he not the heart of Arses, thought I, the ungrateful youth would have met with a reception very different from that of his competitor. Oh God of Love! pierce him with the same darts with which thou hast wounded Arses: Why am I loved by any other than Agenor! I was agitated by these ideas; I formed a thousand plans, but never to love Arses and to forget Agenor; your absence dearest Ismenia, above all things, augmented my misfortunes.

The Persians are the most generous friends, but the most implacable enemies. I feared to irritate *Borane* the father of Arses. *Borane* was proud, absolute in his wishes, violent when offended and resisted, but just and generous. He has, notwithstanding this, made use of perfidy and deceit, to possess me. The extraordinary affec-

tion which he entertained for his son, had impelled him to this excess. How few men are there, who, when they err, can avail themselves of so plausible an excuse!

I suppressed my fears before *Borane*. Arses alone suffered with me. You have disclosed your love for me, said I to him, be however the confidante of my troubles—You have no hope from me of a return of your love; a flattering encouragement would only make you the more unhappy—I then spoke to Arses of *Agenor*, his rival; I reminded him of his promises, he renewed them a second time, and I swore to him an eternal friendship.

Our voyage was fortunate, we arrived at *Ogyris*? we were received by the inhabitants of that city with demonstrations of the greatest joy.—Arses was beloved by them—his mother received me with the most tender affection—She prepared for me a magnificent dwelling, adorned with much neatness and taste. The Persians have understanding proportionate to their riches.

The window of my chamber looked towards the sea—the prospect gave birth to a thousand reflections—I mused upon the immense expanse of the waters, which separated me from *Agenor* and *Ismenia*. I frequently meditated plans of escape, and as often renounced them as being fruitless; but my good opinion of Arses gave me new hopes, and assured me of success. *Amestris*, *Borane's* Niece, came to interrupt me—She took me to a most delightful bath. The slaves undressed us; the eyes of *Amestris* were rivetted upon me; they denoted the sorrow of her soul. I imagined also that she looked upon me invidiously. *This Idea is the first which self-love obtrudes upon us.*

After bathing, we were conducted to a beautiful garden: it was situated at the very bank of the sea. Nature and art had been competitors, which should beautify it most. A supper was served up in a thicket interwoven and perfumed with *Jasmines* and *Roses*; the most exquisite repast was placed before us; the service of

gold, glittered upon the table; the side-board was garnished with sparkling wines; in fine, every thing was calculated to inspire, in tranquil minds, that species of delight, which in gratifying the senses, promises to the pleasures of sociality and joy.

Borane had wished to be alone with his family, and desired to communicate to us the same pleasure which he himself experienced. I could not participate in his joy for I was melancholy; my sorrow grieved the heart of Arses, Amestris observed us and wept.—What destiny, jealous of my happiness, disturbs and makes you sorrowful, said Borane; Chloe I fear deceives me: she makes you unhappy, continued he addressing himself to Arses; speak my dear son; we are not accustomed to be despised.

No my father, replied Arses, Chloe does not deceive us, my heart is satisfied with hers; the recollection of her country afflicts her, we must endeavour if possible to obviate this remembrance.

Already, Lady, said Borane, you have seen the heart of Arses; and I know that he is grieving, yet endeavours to dissemble. Yes Chloe, you are blinded by an unjust passion; reflect that here all your desires shall be fulfilled, nay anticipated; Arses adores you, and is as worthy of your love as Agenor. Your marriage shall be celebrated by the most brilliant feasts, already are they in preparation, *in eight days* you shall give your hand to Arses.

At these words I was, as it were, thunderstruck; Arses was disturbed in mind, and the resolution of Borane, so far from giving him pleasure, augmented his sorrow. How did I admire this noble, this generous conduct; although occupied by the most violent and affecting passions; my soul could not refuse its tribute of gratitude to Arses. Our own troubles had prevented us from observing until now, the emotions of Amestris; she had lost the rosy colour from her cheek—a sudden accident has made me unwell, said she, speaking to Marthesia, mother of Arses, I will retire to my chamber, I require rest—Amestris left the company; I followed her, a

short time after: I found her undressed, I approached the bed, I had believed from what had passed that she loved Arses, and wished to ascertain this fact: 'Twas thus she satisfied my curiosity—

How happens this, Lady, she exclaimed, you fear to be united to Arses? You abhor the most amiable work of the gods; Alas! how unfortunate am I! but as you have taken from me the heart of Arses, estimate, at its full value, so precious a jewel—*Be the reward of his inconstancy*, make him happy, and I will die without regret. The words of Amestris surprised me, I was guided to think that the heart of Arses was capable of infidelity; I did not love Arses, but it appeared to me then, that I had judged ill to esteem him so much: my self-conceit was piqued: *we are ever unwilling to be deceived.*

These reflections lasted but an instant: I replied to Amestris; the gods, said I, have made me insensible to the love of Arses, they have decreed you to be happy, I will never be his: live; my indifference, your love, and your beauty, will gain you the heart of Arses.

Amestris could not conceal her joy at this declaration, she gave me the most sincere thanks; I charged her not to reveal to Borane, what I had just told her, and left her presence.

Arses expected me in my room: You wish not to hear me, said he, I have caused your trouble, I will chastise myself; I will take you back to Athens, or will lose my life; it is insupportable to me, for it impedes the happiness of Chloe.

Arses, said I, you may give me my liberty, without exposing yourself to the anger of Borane, give back your heart to Amestris, ask her at the hand of Borane: It is more suitable that you should be united to *his* niece than to me: Amestris is worthy of you, she has long liked you: How many troubles would you have saved me, had you been constant to her: Amestris has told me all, I continued; be not ashamed Arses, make her forget your levity, and I will esteem you as much as ever; but I confess, that your in-

constancy, had in a little diminished my kindness for you.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

[Concluded from page 63.]

But the mischief is derived from a higher source. Boarding schools are the real schools of coquetry, productive of the most extravagant affectation, and of all the crosses and untoward accidents which befall the fair sex. As soon as the young women are taken out of those houses, and introduced into the world, they find themselves in their right element. They were educated for this kind of life; is it then at all surprising they should like it so well? To love a domestic life, it is necessary to know it, and to have been, from the time of one's infancy, accustomed to its sweets. The taste for retirement is acquired only by having been brought up at home; and every woman who was not educated by her mother, will not choose to educate her own children. But unfortunately there is no such thing, at present, as a private education in large cities. The mixture of companies is so general, that there is no place of retreat; and people lead a public life even in their own houses. By intermixing with all the world, they cease to have any idea of a family; they hardly know their own relations; they behave towards them as strangers; and the simplicity of domestic manners, together with that familiarity which rendered it so endearing, is entirely exploded. Thus, even in their infancy, they imbibe a taste for fashionable pleasures, and for the prevailing maxims of this degenerate age.

It would be by no means adviseable that a mother should bring her daughter to the city, in order to shew her those exhibitions which have proved so destructive to the sex; but *when this happens*, it is certain, that either the young lady has had a bad education, or she will be in no danger. Those who are possessed of taste, good sense, and the love of virtue, will not find those representations so alluring, as they appear to persons deluded by

their charms. The people in the metropolis are apt to pass their censure on those giddy girls, who hurry away from the country, to learn the air and manners of the beau monde, and spend half a year in acquiring new modes, only to render themselves ridiculous during the remainder of their lives. But who is it that takes notice of those discreet young women, who are surfeited with all those tumultuous pleasures, and return to their respective countries, happy and content with their state, upon comparing it with that of higher life? How many have been brought to the capital by their good-natured husbands, and at liberty to settle there, yet have persuaded the good men from any such design, and returned back with greater cheerfulness than they expressed upon their first setting out? It is not known what a number of good people there are still remaining, that have not bowed their knee to the idol, and who despise that preposterous worship. None but thoughtless, giddy girls, delight in noise; prudent women act a different part.

But if, notwithstanding the general corruption and prejudice, as well as the bad education of the fair sex, there are several whose judgment has not yet been depraved, what must it be where their good sense is confirmed by proper instructions, or, to speak more correctly, where it is not altered by vicious principles? for the whole business consists in preserving or restoring the natural principles. It is not necessary for this purpose, to tire young girls to death with long discourses, or to oblige them to listen to dry lectures of morality. Moral preachings are to both sexes the bane of education. Melancholy instructions are good for nothing but to make young people detest the doctrine, together with those who deliver it. In speaking to girls, there is no occasion to frighten them with their duties, nor to increase the weight of that yoke, to which nature has already obliged them to submit. In explaining their duties to them, be clear and precise; do not make them believe that the practice is a melancholy thing; do not

assume a dismal face yourself, nor an air of severity. Whatever you intend to convey to the hearts of others, ought to come from your own; the catechism of their moral duties should be as short and as clear, but not so grave, as that of their religion. Let them see that those very duties are the real source of all their pleasures, and the foundation of all their rights. Is it so painful to love, in order to be beloved again; or to be amiable, with a view of being happy; to be worthy of esteem, for the sake of being obeyed; to act honourably, in hopes of meeting with honourable treatment? How engaging, how respectable are those rights! how sacred to the human heart, when a woman knows how to assert them properly! She has no occasion to wait for years or old age to enjoy them. Her empire begins with her virtue; her charms are scarce unfolded, when her sweet temper and modest carriage have already established her dominion. Where is the man so brutish and insensible, as not to be disarmed, and to alter the rudeness of his behaviour in the presence of a young lady of sixteen, amiable in person, and prudent in her behaviour; who says but little, and pays attention to what others say; whose deportment is most decent, whose discourse most reserved, who is no way elated with her beauty, so as to forget either her sex or her youth; who engages your favour even by her timidity, and attracts the respect which she shows to all the world?

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Clio," shall appear soon.

We hope "Selim," in attempting to charge his *Leyden Phial*, has not burst it, and lost the contents, as he has not furnished us with the numbers promised.

"A." shall appear in our next.

"Hercules, On Nature" is received—We recommend to him the study of Nature.

"Argus," shall appear shortly.

We lament that "Amicus," On the Death of Mr. Duncan, was received too late for insertion this week, but it shall positively appear in our next.

"S. S. B." and "Mathematicus," shall appear in our next.

MARRIED

At Baltimore, on the 31st ult. Jacob Myers, Esq. of Georgetown, s. c. to Miss Miriam Etting, daughter of Solomon Etting.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Galagher, Mr. Firmin Follin, to Miss Victorie Herbert; both of Cape Nicola Mole, Island of St. Domingo.

DIED

On the 6th ult. at Dover, State of Delaware, the Rev. Richard Whatcoat, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged 70 years.

At Darien, on the 22nd ult. Dr. Charles F. Bartlett, a native of Rhode-Island.

On the 28th ult. of the wounds he received from a Run-away Negro, Mr. Mason Mosely, of Edgefield District.

On the 2nd inst. Mr. Joseph Latham.

On the 2nd inst. near Columbia, Mr. William Tait, of Scotland.

In Lexington District, a few days since, Joseph Williams, Esq. a late Member of the Legislature.

On the 4th inst. at Cuthbertville, Master James Maine, son of James Maine, Esq. deceased.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. Margaret Holmes, wife of William Holmes, Esq.

At Columbia, on the 6th inst. Mr. James Madison, of Virginia.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Geyer, wife of Capt. John Geyer.

On the 10th inst. on Edisto Island, Ralph Bailey, Esq.

A Lad, about 14 years of age, is wanted as an Apprentice to the Printing Business—None need apply but such as can bear the test of trial—Apply at this Office.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

HUDIBRASTIC.

No. II.

BATTLE OF THE CRITICS.

Of fam'd Pomposos, and modern wits,
Now styl'd by authors, the Hyper-Crits,
And their dread battle, on *Pbocis'* plain,
With all the number that was slain,
In vent'ring wickedly thus t' abuse
The modern writers—sing lovely muse.

And now the bugle loud and shrill
Resounded on Parnassus' hill,
And poets and poetesses
Were summon'd up to file their *pleas*,
'Gainst Critics who had dar'd condemn
The works compos'd by those or them.

You've heard the wolves in angry howl,
And eke the hounds in distant howl;
You've heard the croaks of distant frogs,
While sitting on the floating logs;
You've heard the foaming, snorting steed,
While posting onward in full speed;
You've heard the thunders distant roar;
You've seen the surges lash the shore;
E'en these are trifles, when compar'd
With loss of merit to a bard.

But so it was, Apollo's will,
That those who claim'd, or wit or skill,
To fam'd Parnassus, swift should hie,
Where judges should their causes try.
All such as did good sense inherit,
And who the laurel crown did merit;
And some I saw, both great and small,
Although they had no sense at all,
Prepar'd their plea. And off they set
To an Ecury, where beasts were let.
Was't Apollo's—No, I ween—
'Twas one that every day is seen,
Where riders each were gravely setting
On hobbies of their own begetting,
Just like a frog, when trusset on,
He croaks and swells himself in pond.
But fearful I should get before ye,
I'll e'en commence the doughty story:
Some dream asleep, others awake,
So we but dream, what odds does't make;
And did you know what I was after,
I would make you shake your sides with laughter.
Now Sol arose, and darkness fled,
And high Parnassus shows her head;
The world seems turn'd, now up, now down,
With hodge podge Scribblers of the town.
E'en Minims, Crotchets, Quavers too,
And Flats, and Sharps, with fiddling crew
Of catgut scrapers, and banjo thrums,
Or jug-bird catcalls, hung on thumbs;
A motley procession thus conven'd,
Whose presumption, nought but pity screen'd;
The bold pretenders onward trudge,
Where fam'd Apollo sat as Judge.
The order of this great procession,
Though common, yet was out of fashion,
For Minors wish'd to take the lead
Of Ancients, who wish'd them good speed;
And now the broad and beaten way,
Direct up hill, each doth essay,
Their gnomers pointing to the east,
Thus onward travel man and beast;
The Studios poring o'er iambics,
The Lyrics, with their dythyrambics;
Bombastics, if I here might class 'em,
All aiming at *Gratus Parnassum*;
Pindaric, and Elegiac poneys,
Epic, Epigramatic cronies;
While Sat'ric Pegasus' plump and fat,
The road beguiles with laugh and chat;
These Quizzic, and Goggleogic verse,
In Hudibrastic strains rehearse;
As to the court these wits were trav'ling,
'Bout prior merit most were cav'ling:

But as my Pegasus inclines to rest,
To stop at present, I think best;
My next shall show what each did do,
And so I'll end my Number Two;
And if my muse doth not me hinder,
You'll hear the rest from, *Tommy Tinder*.

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON OF
O. C.—, ESQ.

O! thou so dear, belov'd, lamented boy,
Thy parents' grief, so late thy parents' joy;
Their youngest hope, in life's fair dawning bloom,
Snatch'd to the cold, dark mansions of the tomb.
Had fate been kind, perhaps in future years,
Thy filial hand had dried thy parent's tears;
Ah then what transports had their bosoms prov'd!
To've seen thee virtuous, honor'd, and belov'd;
By science grac'd, with each fine feeling fraught,
In action noble, and sublime in thought;
What hopes, what joys we counted yet in store,
Now call'd thy early exit to deplore:
With fruitless anguish, still we love to trace
The budding beauties of thine angel face,
That open brow where candour sat enshrind,
(The fairest promise of a lib'ral mind)
The liquid lustre which thine eyes disclos'd,
Ere the fell tyrant their fring'd curtains clos'd;
Vain, vain regrets, beyond our aching sight,
Thine infant spirit seeks the realms of night.
While kindred tears thy sacred urn bedew,
And mourn the doom which tore thee from their view;
Thy distant friend, unconscious of thy fate,
Perhaps e'en now with fondest hopes elate,
Chides the slow progress of each tardy day,
Which bids his youthful step, reluctant stay
From homefelt happiness, domestic joy,
That finest gold unmix'd with base alloy,
That dearest solace to frail mortals given,
Man's purest bliss, the kindest boon of heaven.

ELIZA.

TO X. Y. Z.

Two hundred thirty five's the sum
John luckily obtain'd,
When after paying ninety four,
One forty-one remain'd;
One half of which John cheerfully
Unto a friend did loan,
And forty seven pounds laid out
On self and Gammer Joan.
These sums subtract, and then you'll find
One tenth the whole remains behind.
Thus without mathemat's you see
Tis all made out by A. B. C.

* £70 10

† 47 $\frac{1}{5}$ the while* † 23 10 $\frac{1}{10}$ the while.

SELECTED.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

[From Watts' Lyric Poems.]

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom the sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessing twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru,
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames: those raging fires,
The purer bliss destroy:
On *Ætna's* top the furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms,
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals,
Are married just like stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly comfort spring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampson's young Foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With fire-brands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For Love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce Tiger from the Deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feed their mutual loves;
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

RIDDLE.

We are all Curious little creature,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in Glass is set,
Another you will find in Jet,
One of us you will find in Tin,
And the fourth a box within,
If the fifth you will pursue,
It will never fly from you,
And the sixth you may decry
In a gaudy Butterfly.

EPIGRAM.

A Quaker boasted, with a strange delight,
What'er he did was always surely right:
"True," says a parson, "but pray where's the merit?
He can't be wrong who's guided by the spirit."

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